Soars, Norman.

Twelve-foot Davis

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Davis..

Twelve foot Davis got his name in this way.. In 1849 ~~Davis~~ he followed the gold rush to California and later moved on up to the Cariboo Creek ~~dxgxixgxz~~ gold mining district in B.. C.. After he had arrived there and had a chance to look over the claims that had been staked,, the thought struck him that two of the claims covered too much ground.. So one dark night he carefully stepped off the area of Discovery Claim, and Claim No.. One from Discovery,, and found that,, sure, enough,, they covered twelve feet too mych territory.. So he staked out this twelve foot strip for himself,, and took out over $20,,000 worth of gold.. Thus he got his name,, "Twelve foot" Davis..

When the gold played out,, he turned his attention to the fur trade,, and became a "free trader" in the Peace River Country,, in competition with the Hudson's Bay Company and other large concerns.. This fur trading with the Indians he successfully followed for over twenty years..

Twelve foot Davis was a strong man on a portage,, and could easily pack two-hundred pounds.. The Indians well knew his strength and his ability to travel long distances,, heavily packed and with very little food,, and because of his vast endurance they called him "The wolf"..

He was also a famous cook in the Peace River Country,, and his "Davis Punkin Pies" were known far and wide.. His industry was phenoninal.. One time,, on a long trip up the peace River with a party of men,, he is said to have bought up all the watches in the party,, so the men couldn't tell the time,, and

would thus travel longer hours.. During the last few years of his life,, Davis was blind,, and had to be carried on his trading trips.. But he wouldn't give up.. He had a great trust of his fellow men, and this trust was perhaps too great,, for,, during the last years, many persons took advantage of his blindness to cheat him.. Davis died a pauper,, and this was the thing he had always feared most..

He often told his friend,, Colonel Jim Cornwall, that he wanted to be buried at the top of the Peace River Valley,, Overlooking Peace River town ,, and looking up the mighty valley, where the Smoky River flows into the great Peace.....to my mind one of the marvelous views of the world..

When Davis was on his death bed at Grouard he was asked by a lady missionary,, whether he feared to die.. Davis answered: ""Why should I be afraid to die.. I never kilt nobody.. I never stole from nobody.. I never wilfully harmed nobody,, and I always kept open house for strangers,, all of my life.. No miss,, I 'ain't afraid to die.""
And after his death,, Jim Cornwall took up Davis's bones from their grave at Grouard,, and had them carried to a new grave overlooking the valley that Davis had loved so much. And Jim Cornwall had a stone cut for his friend in the form of a tree trunk,, and on this stone is the legend:
H.. F. Davis,, born Vermont 1820.. Died at Slave Lake,, 1893.
Pathfinder,, Pioneer,, Miner and ~~fxixxxd~~ trader.. ""He was every man's friend,, and never locked his cabin door..
A mighty good commentary on the trustworthiness of the pioneer..

In connection with the trustworthiness of the frontier, I heard the followinglittle story in the Peace River Country.. A traveller was camping in the bush, and when he broke camp, left his watch hanging on a limb.

It was nearly two weeks before the traveller got back on the same trail, and of course, he expected that his watch would have been stolen. But to his surprise he found the watch hanging in its same location.....and more to his surprise, the watch was running! Someone had come by and wound it for him.

Next week I'll tellyou some more tales that seem to me to be among Alberta's best.. In the meantime, if you know an especially good story.....write me about it.

Address: Robert Gard, Extension Dept. U. Of Alberta.

took advantage of his frailty to cheat him.. Twelve Foot Davis died a pauper,, and this was the thing he had always feared most..

Many years after his death at Grouard,, Davis's friend,, Jim Cornwall --"Peace River Jim" took up Twelve Foot's bones and acrried them to the top of the valley above Peace River Town,, where they lie to this day.. On the stone Cornell had made for his friend is this legend:
H.. F.. Davis,, born in Vermont 1820. Died at Slave Lake,, 1893. Pathfinder,, Pioneer,, Miner and ~~xxxxxx~~ Trader.. He was every man's friend and never locked his cabin door..

Nobody but a historian would mind that Jim Cornwell got the date of Davis's death seven years off, for he didn't die until 1900..

The sentiment is good,, and Davis was a great man of the Peace River Country..

Carried whiskey in in Mail sacks

Sutherland- gave letters. One
Addressed to herself.

Sod son - Digging ditch -
Sod son son into ditch
Hotel & lose reputation.

Red

Santeetoe Anderson
Stewart. Hunter.

Frank Stewart - Hunter

Jon Keer at Sturgeon appt. J.P.
Incase was outlaggs - Clay Roberson
"You fine him" - Fined $5 - "now
we dont want any sons of Butchers
around here at all". -